

## The Critic and Good Literature

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*The editors of this review are always glad to hear from any one who has literary news to communicate. Those of the paper's readers who are in the way of obtaining early intelligence of any literary event—past, present or in prospect—in which the general reading public is likely to be interested, would confer a favor by addressing this office. It is desired to make THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE not only the leading literary review, but the first literary newspaper in the country,—if possible, in the world. This can readily be done with the co-operation of its readers. Amongst these are the authors, publishers and journalists, literary and scientific professors, and clergymen, of the chief cities and colleges in the land, as well as the readers and lovers of books who lay no claim to authorial honors for themselves; and to these the editors turn with a request that they shall assist, even more in the future than in the past, in the work of establishing this journal as the accepted American authority on all matters of literary information.*

### Sketching for Literary Purposes.

CORRESPONDENTS OF THE CRITIC have touched, from time to time, upon certain subjects peculiarly interesting to the literary laborer. Mr. Stockton's paper on 'A Sabbath for Brain-workers,' and Mr. Skinner's 'Walking as a Literary Help,' taken in connection with what Mr. Burroughs has said about English and American woods, open a field for valuable suggestion. The bee does not gather honey from the flowers; it simply gathers the material of which it *makes* honey. So genius extracts from Nature the component ingredients of new and racy thoughts. Thoreau, nature-mad as he was, might have found the effluence he so persistently sought, if he had but known how to recognize it. He looked into himself, instead of into external nature. Out-door life was not recreation to him; it was his labor, his business.

Now I presume that every literary worker, and every artist as well, knows that the most valued and valuable essentials of genuine, original thought, come in the form of suggestions generated by sudden, simple discoveries, and that these discoveries will persist in coming by accident and at a time when one is not hunting for them. In other words, the hours of recreation are for the littérateur and artist the hours of invention. Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not mere scientific study that fills the measure, of desirable or necessary attainment. To view the birds, flowers and stones from the standpoint of the ornithologist, the botanist, the geologist, could never satisfy the hunger of the literary and artistic inquirer. He must go farther. He must get the essence, the sap, the perfume, the suggestive effluence of Nature.

But in order to utilize the material one easily gathers from Nature one must be an artist, just as the wild bee is an artisan. The pollen on the bumble-bee's legs, and the liquid in his honey pouch, are utilized by him by a process that infuses a part of his own physical substance into the creation. The individuality of

the artist (*poetas*) is what flavors and gives value to his extracts from Nature. He must not, as did Thoreau, become an egotist and posturer—a mere self-conscious meddler—in Nature's presence. He would better be her playfellow, and thus throw her off her guard, and win her secrets while she is not suspecting him. When Dante Gabriel Rossetti used to call out to his charming young wife, as he saw her in some striking attitude: 'Hold, sweet, until I sketch you!' he was striving to catch and fasten, upon a leaf of his sketch-book, the outlines of an un-studied expression of grace and harmony. How often one might well pause in his out-door walk and cry out to Nature: 'Keep this fleeting phase one moment, that I may sketch it!'

And, after all, there is nothing like sketching, no matter how poorly it may be done, as a means of educating the mind in Nature's smaller ways. Clear expression comes of accurate knowledge. Whatever one has sketched remains sharply defined in one's memory, both in form and in effect. If one is a literary worker and can also sketch readily, one gets a double value out of what one chooses from Nature. Hawthorne's Note-Books would have been far more important and interesting if they had been accompanied with illustrations in pencil jotted down on the spot. This would have helped to retain more perfectly those fugitive suggestions that seemed to assail that lonely and solemn genius at every turn. Curiously enough, when one comes to think of it, the poems of Dante G. Rossetti appear to be studies from the flat, as if his splendid poetic vision came through the medium of painting. Even the 'Blessed Damozel' looks at us out of a frame—we see her at second-hand; the bar she leans on only seems to be warm, as it would in a picture. But this is the sort of poem one must look for from a genius that studies art rather than Nature—the sort of honey a bee would make from artificial flowers. A blooming hedgerow or orchard or clover-field has something in it fertilizing for the mind, a something that steepes its culture with available vitality and gives to its products the racy flavor of genuine originality. If one makes a sketch in the presence of Nature, it may at the time seem valueless, but transport it to the workshop and there its smack of wildness and truth will appear. No 'made-up' sketch, no matter how well-executed, will be found to contain any available trace of the vital essence of Nature, while even the rudest memorandum from out-door life is sometimes burdened with it.

But this flavor of Nature must not be assumed to be the whole, or even the major part, of literary or artistic excellence;—it is one of the vital elements. In the novel it may be called 'local-coloring,' in the poem it is a higher value, and in the landscape-painting it is the picture's life. Our younger school of American authors, more especially the novelists, seem to have pushed realism quite far enough, save in the one direction of truthfulness to out-door nature. So far as this last is concerned, it would make little difference where one of our novels might nominally be located. One gets no clear idea of the sky, the fields, the streams, the roads, the hills, the atmosphere, the colors of Nature peculiar to the seasons and the places. This shortcoming is owing, no doubt, to the fact that our littérateurs are mostly city-folk, shut away from communion with out-door scenes and influences, and unused to keeping any minute memoranda of Nature's phases. But the professional literary person ought to avail himself of every means for gathering material for his workshop. One of the best means is sketching from nature as supplementary to faithful written descriptions and suggestions. It was Gautier who said that words have a value extrinsic of their meaning—in a literary-artistic way—and so sketches from nature have a suggestiveness and vitalizing power not at all measured or controlled by their artistic merit or demerit. They serve as stimulants and tonics to the memory and as fertilizers to the creative power of the injunction.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

## Old Writers and Modern Readers.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

FIELDING, in his 'History of Tom Jones,' after describing 'the outside of Sophia,' his charming heroine, continues: 'Nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it.' Here, however, his description stops short. Her bodily charms he had painted, for he had no other way of bringing them before his reader's eyes. But with her character he dealt in quite another way. 'As there are,' he writes, 'no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming young creature, so it is needless to mention them here; nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character.'

If to introduce a character with a minute description is an affront to the reader's understanding, it is one that has of late years been very commonly offered. Perhaps our modern novelists assume that their readers have no understanding; in many cases we should not be prepared to say that in this assumption they are wrong. Be that as it may, neither authors nor readers seem to know anything of that pleasure which Fielding mentions. In fact, to the reading world in general it has, we fear, lost most of its relish. We see that, as regards some of the pleasures of the body, there is on the part of many persons willingness enough to add to their enjoyment by taking a share in the preparations that they need. At no time, perhaps, has there been a greater liking for roughing it, as it is called. A great number of people every year spend their holidays in camping out, and before they eat their dinner sometimes catch it, and very often cook it. Before they can sleep they must first pitch their tent and arrange their own couch. Before they can breakfast, they must light their own fire and boil their own kettle. But with all this activity of the body, there has come an indolence of the mind even in respect of enjoyments. The reader of the present day does not wish, in Lamb's pleasant words, 'to cry halves to anything that he finds.' He has not indeed any wish—we still borrow the thought from Elia—to 'find.' All that he asks is that the author should 'bring.' He would have every writer like the 'true Caledonian,' who 'brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it.' He wants to have all trouble spared him, so that he may make his way through a book with as little effort as is made by an idle man who on a summer's day, without laying hand to oar, is carried in his boat down some stream, as quickflowing as it is shallow. He knows nothing of that pleasure which Fielding describes which comes to us as we form our own judgment of the character of a hero or a heroine. He asks in all things for the direction of the court. He requires that the judge should sum up before the facts have been set forth, and even before the trial has fairly begun. He would have all the characters labelled like the Greek pictures of old—and carefully labelled too. Each story must begin with a full descriptive catalogue. He must be told what he must look for and what he will find, just as if he were going to spend a day at the Fisheries Exhibition.

No doubt there have been in most ages, if not perhaps in all, readers of this indolent disposition. One of them complained to Johnson that he found Richardson very tedious. 'Why, sir,' Johnson answered, 'if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment.' He used to say of 'Clarissa' that 'it was the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart.' Now to enter into this sentiment, to master this knowledge, an effort, and a long effort, must be made. To the author's reason, the reader must bring an understanding. He must bring patience also. One of Richardson's novels is not to be swallowed down in an afternoon. The sentiment of a long story cannot be seized by one who reads and skips, nor without some trouble can the human heart be studied. There is one great advantage that is afforded by a novel that is written on Fielding's method. It supplies so many more interesting subjects of conversation. When each reader is left to form his own judgment of the hero or heroine there must always be a considerable variety of opinion. Eager discussions can be raised, and characters can be fought over with as much ardor as if they had lived either on the world's great stage or in the next parish. Thus there are many Sophias. There is Fielding's Sophia and there is Tom Jones's Sophia. 'But I also have my Sophia,' each reader may say; 'and you, my dear sir, you also have yours. Yours is not the real Sophia; not, if I may so express myself, Sophia's Sophia;

but as a study of character it is not uninteresting.' Round a story told on such a plan as this rise much the same discussions as those which endlessly rise round Hamlet. Was the Prince of Denmark wholly mad? Was he partly mad, and partly feigning to be mad? Was he wholly sane? What a loss of interest would there have been had Shakspeare in his *dramatis personæ* entered Hamlet as a mad prince, or a sane prince, or a prince sometimes sane, sometimes mad, and sometimes feigning madness! Fielding, in his 'Journey from this World to the Next,' pleasantly describes how he saw 'Shakspeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines.' In reciting 'Put out the light, and then put out the light,' where was the emphasis to be laid? Being appealed to, Shakspeare said: 'Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning.' In much the same way we could well believe that if Fielding, not in the next world, but in this, had been asked for his own judgment of Sophia's or Jones's character, and if he had given it, and then had been pressed with some apparent contradiction in some particular incident, he might have replied: 'Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote down the incident that you mention that I have forgotten it. When I did write it, it seemed to me no doubt what the lady or the gentleman would in the circumstances have done. But I leave every one free to form his own judgment. You have all the facts before you, and you are each of you quite as capable as I am of arriving at a just estimate of the characters of my hero and heroine.' When we thus take the trouble to form our own judgment, we have moreover this further pleasure, that we are convinced that we are right, and that those who differ from us are wrong. Our self-esteem is pleasantly flattered. But what chance have we of being pleased with our own sagacity when nothing is left by the writer on which it can be exercised? In every work of fancy and imagination a partnership must be established between the author and the reader. But if one does all and leaves nothing for the other to do, it will, we fear, too often prove on the reader's part a kind of sleeping partnership.

In works of a very different order from novels the reader of our time shows the same indolence. As regards these he is too restless to remain contentedly in entire ignorance, and too lazy to arrive at any real knowledge. Hence we have in shoals these handbooks of literature and abridgments of great authors. A man may pass very well through life and know nothing of Pepys, nothing of Boswell, nothing of Horace Walpole's Letters, and nothing of Madame D'Arblay's Diary. But if such works as these are to be known they must be read. They cannot be reduced to an essence. It may be an objection to whipped cream that it takes up so much space; but by any method of compression it would cease to be whipped cream. The common excuse is made that in so busy an age as this there is no time to read such long books. We do not know that this age is so much busier than those that have gone before it. The complaint is a very old one, and even in the present day a good deal of time seems to be rather killed than lived. Be that as it may, if there is not time to read big books, big books cannot be read. But then let us not be tricked into the belief that we can still either enjoy them or know them. A little knowledge, if not a dangerous thing, is in such cases a foolish thing. At all events it often leads its possessor into folly. It tempts him to make a display of knowledge of which he has not the reality. But if there is not time for original works that are big there is at least time for those that are small. If a man is frightened by the size of Boswell, there can be nothing to scare him in the *Autobiography of Gibbon*. If he dare not try the nine big volumes of Walpole's Letters, he may with good heart attempt the two small ones which contain Swift's Letters to Stella. If in 'Tom Jones' and 'Sir Charles Grandison' the beginning seems separated by too great a space from the end, a summer day or a winter's evening will be long enough for accompanying either Joseph Andrews or Evelina from their birth to their marriage.

Among all the evils that follow in the train of a regular system of examinations, we know of none greater than a certain habit of indolence which it forms in the mind. It encourages a student—nay, even, in the press of competition it almost forces him—to accept his judgments ready made. He wants to know what others say of a writer, not what the writer himself says. He has no time to take a book home, as it were, and make it part of himself. He never 'travels over the mind' of a great author till he becomes as familiar with its beauties and its nooks, its heights, its levels, and its depths, as a Cumberland shepherd with the mountains and valleys round about his home. He never looks upon his books as his friends. It is to his head,

and not to his heart, that he wishes to take them; and he only cares to keep them there till they have served their purpose at the next examination. How different was the way in which Macaulay and his sister read! 'When they were discoursing together,' says Mr. Trevelyan, 'about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. Pepys, Addison, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Madame de Genlis, the Duc de St. Simon (Macaulay, by the way, would have written the Duke of St. Simon), and the several societies in which those worthies moved, excited in their minds precisely the same sort of concern, and gave matter for discussions of exactly the same type, as most people bestow upon the proceedings of their own contemporaries. The past was to them as the present and the fictitious as the actual.' Now, though Macaulay's power is given to few indeed, yet many—perhaps most people—have quite enough understanding and imagination from nature to enable them to live, from time to time, moments, it may be brief moments, both in the past and in the world of fiction and of fancy. A child in his games, as he fills 'his humorous stage' with the different persons, shows how natural this is. It is not so much the growth of years that kills in him the habit as education and the scorn of his elder playfellows. The loss is indeed a great one, and the massacre of these simple feelings is a second massacre of the innocents. There is but one way to retain them. We must choose our books wisely, and when we have chosen them we must make a wise use of them. We cannot hope to live in all the ages that are past. The most that any but the most favored among us can attain is to have one century, or one half-century, in which he has, as it were, his second home, whither he can withdraw himself for a brief space from the troubles and cares of the days in which he lives. But a place of retreat like this is not raised by an idle wish. Effort must be made, and a prolonged effort too. Yet it is a labor that, even while it is being made, is fully repaid. When guides to literature and manuals are all thrown on one side, and we begin 'a pleasant loitering journey' through some tract of literature, 'thought following thought, and step by step led on,' the sense of joyous freedom and of eager curiosity more than supports us. One book leads us to another, and the circle of our friends widens as widens the circle of our knowledge. Then, too, we have that pleasure of which Fielding wrote. Both in the world of men and in the world of fiction we form our own judgments. We almost feel as if we had some share—however small a one—with a favorite author in a favorite book. For, when we find in how different a light some character appears to other readers, we half suspect that he is partly of our own creation. If the author's claim to the whole were put in, we might each be tempted to say, with a slight change in the poet's line, 'that but half of it was his, and one half of it was mine.'

Happily, in such a course of reading as this, we need not be greatly deterred by the cost. Works of great excellence can often be picked up at the bookstalls for less money than is asked for some hash of them that has been just served up. A shilling a volume goes a good way in stocking our shelves, if we think nothing of fashion or the run of modern thought, and only ask that in good type and a fair binding we shall have a work of sterling worth. The young reader is naturally dazzled by the brilliant prospect that rises before him as he surveys the various series of literature that are in course of publication. With great epochs and great minds he hopes to become acquainted at the cost for each of two shillings of his money and a few hours of his time. Let him remember that a few warm friends are better than a host of nodding acquaintances, and let him reflect that, whether among the living or the dead, among men or among books, a friend is only made at the cost of much trouble and of much time.

### The Old Curiosity Shop.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

'I'M GETTIN' heartily sick on't!' exclaimed the lady of the house, a genial, pleasant soul, with humor in her eye, to our representative on Monday, when he called upon her to ask permission to explore No. 14 Portsmouth Street. And not without reason, indeed; for since Christmas day the house and the street where it stands have been crowded with visitors and sight-seers. 'And one well-dressed person,' said my hostess, with a sniff of contempt, 'asked me if he might take a *brick* away with him as a *relic*! "I will smooth it down, and it shall be an heirloom in my family forever." A lunatic, I call him. And

who knows but he beats his wife?' But this gentleman, brimming over with sentiment, walked off with the brick under his coat nevertheless. Many artists have visited the spot since Christmas day, and many sketches from every point of the compass have been taken. On Monday, in the short space of half an hour, a photographer blocked up Sheffield Street with his camera, three reporters were busy taking notes, and two other gentlemen were hard at work sketching the ruins, much to the amusement of the odd fish who constitute the 'neighborhood.' Even during the few minutes I spent in the upper regions of No. 14, one lady (of a certain age) came up the creaking steps, peered in, apologized for the intrusion, viewed the chaos, remarked that it was a pity, and descended. 'I come from Boston,' I heard her murmur. It may be said, *en parenthèse*, that a roaring trade is being done in little pictures of the exterior, which may be had for '2d, plain' and '4d, colored.' Miss Anderson is a constant visitor (so I was told), and insists upon drinking a dish of tea in the parlor when the parlor is once more cosey and rejuvenated. 'A charming young lady, and so affable.'

'The Old Curiosity Shop' stands in the south-western corner of Lincoln's-inn-fields, and occupies an angle of Portsmouth Street, one window looking north-west, the other two facing Sheffield Street. The red tiles and the overhanging roof have a quaint, old-fashioned air about them, and afford a pleasant relief from the hideous yellow plaster on which is painted, in great vulgar letters, the name with which it has been endowed. 'Immortalized by Dickens,' and just below, in unholy contrast, 'H. Poole, waste-paper dealer,'—some rag collector, who will get such an advertisement as many a pushing politician would give his eyes for. Heavy joists give the house support now, and the yawning gap overhead shows the ruined mass of bricks and mortar covered with scaffold poles. Half the construction has tumbled in, the other half remains intact. At present the house, which is said to be three hundred years old, contains four rooms, two on the ground floor and two above them, each pair being divided by a thin wooden partition, two narrow winding staircases forming the means of communication from one floor to the other. The lower room now left opens on to the street, and may best be described as a small space inclosed by numerous angles. Heavy sloping beams jut out from the low ceiling, the window is of ancient make, the fireplace stands in one corner, in another a thin slit of a door opens on to the yard at the back where the waste-paper business is conducted. A little window made in the wooden partition looks into the other room, which is now black chaos, the theory being that these two were once united, and here was stored that marvellous collection,—the suits of mail, the fantastic carvings, the rusty weapons, the figures in china, wood, iron, and ivory, the tapestry and strange furniture.

Mounting the crooked staircase, a few steps take one to Little Nell's reputed bedroom, a dismal, gruesome apartment about nine feet square and as many in height. One little window lets in what passes for light in Portsmouth Street, which serves only to reveal the gloominess of the surroundings. This is used as a bedroom by the occupants of the house, but at present it has the appearance of a receptacle for lumber. Most of the space is occupied by an ordinary iron bedstead, on which were a few dusty pictures, a meat-cover, and a doormat. A few chairs are on the floor, a few engravings and a plaster plaque of Dickens adorn the walls. The floor is thick with the dust from the ruins, and here and there are a few old hangings, odd bits of carpet, and some empty bottles. The fireplace is stone, painted black, and on the mantel-shelf is a model of a ship under a glass cover. In one corner is a quaint old cupboard. A portion of this little chamber is cut off by the top of the staircase, which is supposed to gain some light from a window covered with a heavy coat of yellow paint. Below this are fixed some shelves, where a few bundles of musty papers and old books lie neglected and forgotten. One lingers for a moment at the door, endeavoring to conjure up a vision of the most beautiful of Dickens's creations, but one conjures in vain. Little Nell refuses to appear. Looking through a little window, a foot square, one sees the ruin in the next room, where the full shock has been felt, where now a mass of rubbish is strewn on the floor.

The controversy rages meanwhile with unabated vigor. But when all is said we fear the 'Old Curiosity Shop' at No. 14 Portsmouth Street is a sham. We have ventured to ask Miss Hogarth for any information respecting the house, but the locality was unfortunately never pointed out to her, and she is unable to speak authoritatively. 'My impression is,' she writes, 'that the identifying of this particular house is a mistake;

but I always imagined the place to be more remote. I do not suppose that any one lives now who could throw any light on the matter. Mr. Forster might have known, and George Cattermole and Hablot Browne, certainly.' It is pointed out that in the original edition of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' Cattermole, who drew the picture of the interior in 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' showed the house with a step and a spacious portico 'reaching nearly as high as No. 14 does in its entirety.' And further, at the conclusion of the story, Dickens wrote that Kit sometimes took his children to the street where Nell had lived, but new improvements had altered it so much it was not like the same. The old house had been long ago pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place.' And again, Mr. Charles Tesseyman says that his brother occupied No. 14 between 1868 and 1877, and had the words 'The Old Curiosity Shop' placed over the front 'for purely business purposes, as likely to attract custom to his shop, he being a dealer in books, paintings, old china, and so on. Before that—that is, before my brother had the words put up—no suggestion had ever been made' that the place was the veritable house that Dickens immortalized.

All this excitement about what is really a very small matter is indeed a handsome tribute to the genius of Dickens. But the great novelist himself would have been the first to deprecate the storm of sentiment which is raging about this poor tumble-down tenement. The cynic may well smile softly to himself at these sham tears which are being shed in such profusion over the memory of Little Nell. For he need but go a score of yards away to find himself amid the hideous shambles of Clare Market. There is revealed a network of black and sombre slums, upon which the sun never shines but to lighten up with a few dim rays the festering heaps of rubbish. North, south, east, west, in a circumscribed area, run these grim and tortuous things called by courtesy streets. Here may be seen tottering, ramshackle houses, and projecting eaves, any one of which might with as great a degree of probability be selected as a competitor with the 'Old Curiosity Shop.' Here are old shops with their cracked, dusty windows, and repellent interiors, blocked up with what it is the custom to call bric-a-brac. And here may be seen men, women, and children who would gladly sit as models of low life to the next novelist in search of a character.

But 'The Old Curiosity Shop' is doomed. At some not very remote period the traffic will be rolling over its site and London will know it no more. Once on a time a model of Shakespeare's house was built at the Crystal Palace for the edification of visitors. The Americans came and begged for it, imitation as it was. Here is a suggestion. Let those American admirers who come to worship at this Portsmouth Street Mecca start a subscription, and transport No. 14—bag and baggage, beams and bricks—bodily to New York, and set it up there in Madison Square. Or, better still; the great Barnum is always open to a bargain. His agent, Mr. Davis, is now in town. Let him buy it. Apparently the investment would be profitable, and the pilgrims would be none the less devout because the shrine lay at their own doors.

### Current Criticism.

**THE REYNOLDS PICTURES IN LONDON:**—It is strange to see this quality of snobbishness appearing and disappearing in the various works in this exhibition; here putting forth a finger, there an arm, and here, again, its whole body. Look at it rampant in the (repainted) picture of Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens, in a sham simplicity of print dress and muslin apron; mark it in the Cupids putting on elaborately frilled caps, or playing with paint-brushes; and watch its last faint reflection in even the splendid portrait of 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.' It is excusable in this last instance, perhaps many will think, that a great actress's portrait should smack of the footlights; but surely that is a mistake. Perhaps that is the very last thing that such a portrait should hint,—for why should that effect be produced in private by actor or actress, which it is their greatest praise never to produce in public?—*The Spectator*.

**MRS. OLIPHANT'S GHOST STORY:**—The best contribution to the magazines this month is Mrs. Oliphant's 'Old Lady Mary, a Story of the Seen and Unseen,' in *Blackwood's*. No one but Mrs. Oliphant would have dared to take a ghost for her heroine; and in the fact that she has done this, and has not made herself ridiculous, is sufficient evidence of power. The old lady has committed an act, in pure carelessness, which has the effect of gross injustice; and after her death the desire to repair her fault is so keen that she is permitted to return to earth, only to find that, except to a child and a dog, she is invisible, impalpable,

and non-existent. She can do nothing, and effect nothing, her new body obeying laws which are not those of our sphere. That seems a bare and poor story, but it is wonderfully told, with a special skill in avoiding all that is usual in ghost-stories.—*The Spectator*.

**GAMBETTA PREPARING HIS SPEECHES:**—There was a great deal of strategy about Gambetta, though he trusted to the inspiration of the moment to shape and color the material he had in his mind. I have often heard his friends regret that he had not made in the tribune speeches he had poured forth to them in the privacy of conversation. Even a few days before his death, excited by remarks in the papers, which he insisted on reading to the last, he raised himself up in his bed, and, to a friend who had watched him through the night, delivered one of his most impressive and comprehensive speeches on the present and future policy of his country. Driving one day with a young deputy from Paris to Versailles, he said, 'Do not speak to me: I have a long and important speech to make, which I have not even had time to think over.' The silence, therefore, remained unbroken, and on looking round his friend saw that he was not deep in thought, but fast asleep, nor did he wake till they reached Versailles; he laughed and shrugged his shoulders when reminded of the speech he had intended to prepare, and which he made that afternoon as brilliant and finished as though he had taken voluminous notes and committed them to memory.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

**THE BREADWINNERS' IN ENGLAND:**—It is elaborate in style and bold in treatment, crowded with incident and lively in movement, sensible (with some exceptions), and occasionally epigrammatic; but its characters are not attractive and its tone is not very refined. . . . It is probable that the majority of English readers are growing heartily tired of the samples of cultivated and uncultivated effrontery which have recently been offered to them so freely in American novels of all but the highest kind of workmanship. As a comparatively new type it was worth while to become acquainted with the obtrusive, conceited, self-asserting young man or young woman, destitute of refinement, and with an unmistakable pride in its absence; but it is not to be expected that such a type could be permanently popular out of its own country.—*The Atheneum*.

**ON THE NAMING OF BOOKS:**—To call a spade a spade is beyond the capacity of man in a certain stage of civilization—the very stage in which England is just now. From the deepest moral and social questions to the naming of a collection of magazine articles the British instinct for calling things what they are is not equally apparent. So entirely do things go by contraries nowadays, that the safest way to be sure of a really scientific treatise is to order from the bookseller some book bearing a name that ought to be the name of a novel; and if any one is desirous of reading unmistakable prose, our library table is groaning under a heap of curious little volumes labelled 'poetry,' which we shall rejoice to send him carriage free.—*The Atheneum*.

**HENRY JAMES'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEYS:**—Mr. James's journeys are a little sentimental, but not too much; he has plenty of humor, without being a facetious traveller; he has very keen observations, and he is as much of a cosmopolite as any English-speaking man has a right to be. He travels for the sake of travel, not for the sake of getting to some definite goal. What interests him is life, and the comparison of the ways in which men live and have lived. . . . It is given to few explorers to be so little historically minded as Mr. James. He visits Rheims, but he merely sketches a vision of Joan of Arc; he visits Laon, and he really seems never to have been haunted by a memory of Mr. Freeman. Thierry he remembers, but he is much more interested in the natural aspect of the famous Rock, in the far-stretching landscape beheld from its walls, in the red-legged soldiers, the inn-keepers, the actual bustle of existence, than in the stronghold of the Carlings, or the struggle for municipal liberties. In Florence, in Venice, it is the same. Mr. James shows us more of Miss Montalba's than of Mr. Ruskin's Venice.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

**THOSE WHO LECTURE US:**—More recently Herbert Spencer lectured us, and gave us some exceedingly good advice, even if it was not very new advice. He told us that we ought to play more, and so we are perpetually telling ourselves, and perpetually disregarding our own injunction. But what did Mr. Spencer here that he has not been doing at home for thirty years? He has lectured his own people very much more vigorously than he lectured us, and he said nothing about us until we insisted that he should speak. Yet the Easy Chair has heard him publicly 'chaffed' for his missionary labors among the Ameri-

can savages. And now Matthew Arnold, one of the most eminent of living critics, and a master of English speech, arrives, and he too, we are told, with caustic humor, lectures us in a strain of mingled honey and cream. What does he do at home? Who is it that has long depicted the British Philistine, and deplored the want of sweetness and light in the life of his native land?—*G. W. Curtis in Harper's Magazine*.

HOW SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN TOOK NOTES:—We have been criticised and reviewed so often, and continue to kiss the rod that smites us so weekly, that I wonder that the big English boys who come over to see us don't tire of bullying their small American cousins. If they want to lecture us, we sit at their feet; if they want to travel, we pay their expenses; and if they come simply to hobnob, we put them down at our clubs and turn them loose in our families without the slightest expectation that such courtesy will be returned to us in England. A few men-about-town will remember Sir Lepel Griffin, whose article in *The Fortnightly* has attracted so much attention, as an agreeable, genial man, rather fond of late hours, and a somewhat close student of the principles of American drinks; but nobody suspected that he was gathering materials for anything worse than a headache, or that he would develop such a bilious literary attack on his return home. From what we knew of him he had a very good time while here; from what he writes, his evident 'mash' in Detroit and the possible thirty guineas he got for his article are the only pleasant recollections he can have of America.—*The Spectator, in The Evening Post*.

### Reviews

#### "The Private Life of Marie Antoinette." \*

TO THE STUDENT of history who, with the lively Prosper Mérimée, is frank enough to say, 'Je n'aime de l'histoire que les anecdotes,' the revival of Madame Campan's 'Life of Marie Antoinette' will prove a delightful event in current literature. The two volumes are stuffed as full of good things as a Christmas pudding is of plums. Madame Campan spent the early part of her life in reading dull books with Mesdames, the dull daughters of Louis XV., and in reading human nature in its wide variety, from the boudoir to the scaffold, with Marie Antoinette. In her latter days, the wild turmoil of the Revolution passed, the good lady was content to sit down with her sheaf of tragic memories in the quiet precincts of a boarding-school for girls, at St. Germain. We are told that 'at the age of twelve, she could never meet a school of young ladies passing through the streets without feeling ambitious of the situation and authority of their mistress,' so that this establishment was, in actual truth, the sum of her earthly ambition. While Napoleon was commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, his sisters and younger brothers, as well as the children of Madame Josephine Beauharnais, were in charge of Madame Campan at St. Germain. She was 'the instructress of a nest of kings and queens, without ever dreaming of such a thing.' Later on, she was transferred by Napoleon to the control of a model school, ordered and minutely regulated by him, at St. Ecouen, and ultimately suppressed by the descendants of Henri IV. when the turn of Fortune's wheel put them again in power in France.

Hapless Madame Campan now found herself unfortunately placed. Her relations with the Bonapartes brought on her the charge of infidelity to the memory of her beloved Queen. Her brief prosperity had passed away. Her friends and family were dead or dying. Heartbroken at the loss of her chief remaining interest, her son, the poor lady was content to pass from the stirring scene of her life's history. Her death occurred on the 16th of March, 1822. Had Madame Campan chosen, her experience might have enabled her to compile a history of the martial court held by Napoleon at the Tuilleries, equal in value to the memoirs of Marie Antoinette. This she declined to do, contenting herself with a scattering of anecdote on that subject, and leaving the Duchess d'Abbrantes to complete the fuller task of biography. With the two sets of Memoirs in hand—those of Madame Campan, and those of Madame la Duchesse d'Abbrantes—no reader need look farther for a vivid picture of court life in France, beginning with Louis XV., the royal turner of pancakes, and ending with Napoleon when he went forth to face defeat at Waterloo. When the fair young daughter of Marie Thérèse came first to the Court of her husband's ancestors, she found upon the throne a grandfather it was hard to respect. Selfish, capricious, cynical, debauched—alternating

his 'candle-end balls' and his hunting festivals with the society of Du Barri, with whom the youthful bride was called to sit at table. 'Louis the Well-Beloved' was no guardian or mentor for the newcomer. The society of Mesdames, the King's daughters, proud, gloomy and *divotées*, was no more to her taste. From the first hour of their meeting at the frontier wedding, through many a long year of coldness and repulsion, the Dauphin maintained an utter indifference to his wife. When the King died, of a confluent small-pox, and the terrified courtiers, huddling together in the *Œil de Bœuf* to await their release, fled 'with a noise like thunder' to cry 'Le Roi est Mort! Vive le Roi!' at the feet of Louis and Marie Antoinette, the young couple appear to have been first drawn together. The confusion of hurrying feet announced to them that they were called to the throne. Simultaneously, and with tears streaming from their eyes, they fell upon their knees exclaiming, 'Oh, God! guide us; protect us; we are too young to reign.' The Court, entire, had fled from the infected palace of Versailles. The King, the Queen, Monsieur, the King's brother, Madame, his wife, with the Count and Countess of Artois, drove in the same carriage to Choisy. They set forth in gloom and tears, this devoted family party; but before they had gone half their journey, the Queen confesses, their sadness took wings. 'A word drolly mangled by the Countess of Artois occasioned a general burst of laughter, and from that moment they dried their tears.'

So began the fateful reign of Louis XVI. Of this monarch in his boyhood, a chronicler narrates that 'he was austere, serious, reserved and often rough; he had no taste for play, exhibitions or amusements; he was a youth of inviolable veracity, constantly employing himself in copying, and afterward composing, geographical maps, and in filing iron. Madame Adélaïde, who tenderly loved him, used to say, in order to encourage him, and overcome his timidity, "Speak out freely, Berri; shout, scold, make an uproar like your brother d'Artois; knock down my china, and break it; make some noise in the world." The young Duc de Berri only became the more silent.' To this picture, add that of Marie Antoinette, the 'little queen of twenty years,' gay, pleasure-loving, capricious in her dress, and impatient of ceremonial. Secretly hated by the anti-Austrians at Court, ill-advised by the crafty Abbé de Vermond, neglected by her husband, and flattered by a hundred selfish courtiers, the Queen began her reign over the nation that was to bring about her ruin. In time, Madame Campan reports a softening in the King's demeanor toward his wife; he became more sparing of those rough speeches styled 'coups de boutoir' (literally, pokes from the snout of a boar!) for which Louis XVI. was famous. The Queen derived much happiness from her intimacy with the Princesse de Lamballe—whose fair face, with the floating locks of hair, was one day to be thrust on the end of a pike before the window where the imprisoned Queen sat at her ghastly banquet in the Temple! Marie Antoinette's love for this lady, and for another chosen friend, the Duchesse de Polignac, was a new grievance to her jealous subjects. At last the Queen gave to France a princess, and on the 22d of October, 1781, the first Dauphin (who died in 1789) was born. Louis XVI. expanded into something like geniality under the influence of his children. He would even go from Versailles to sup with Marie Antoinette at the little Trianon, where a white gown, a gauze kerchief and a straw hat for the women, and dark, plain clothing for the men, was the uniform required. Sometimes the King remained to be present at the amateur theatricals, which the whole Court delighted in, but generally he went to bed at eleven, and the Queen and her merry followers began their revels later.

At all this frivolity France took unbrage. The 'Anglo-American' war diverted attention for a little while. Franklin, 'in the dress of an American agriculturist,' appeared at Court. Out of three hundred beautiful women, the loveliest was chosen to 'crown with laurels the white head of the philosopher, and to place two kisses on his cheeks.' We may fancy the 'Anglo-American' feelings of the sage! The Queen could not sympathize with the intervention of France in the affairs of the American Revolution, while acknowledging the personal worth of the Marquis de Lafayette. As Marie Antoinette grew older, her love for her husband increased with his for her. She saw her early mistakes, and tried to rectify them. Among the accumulating attacks upon her, none was more serious and alarming than that arising from the notorious intrigue of the Diamond Necklace. She could no longer be blind to her unpopularity with the nation. Of her many acts of generosity and benevolence, her subjects took no account. The insurrection of the 14th of July, the fall of the Bastille, came upon her with

\* *The Private Life of Marie Antoinette.* By Jeanne Louise Henriette Campan, First Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. New York: Scribner & Welford.

crushing force. It was the first act in the tragedy of her life. The King, forced by a mob to assume the tri-color, assured his family that all henceforth would be at peace. How true this was, the murder of M. Foulon, adviser of the King, *adjoint* to the administration while M. Broglie was in command of the army at Versailles, shortly testified. As it is claimed that Madame Campan, alone, has recorded the circumstance of this horrible murder, we reproduce her account: 'M. Foulon had concealed himself at Viry. He was there recognized, and the peasants seized him and dragged him to the Hotel de Ville. The cry for death was heard; the electors, the members of the committee, and M. de Lafayette, at that time the idol of Paris, in vain endeavored to save the unfortunate man. After tormenting him in a manner which makes humanity shudder, his body was dragged about the streets, and his heart was carried, by women, in the midst of a bunch of white carnations.'

There is described a scene where the little Dauphin climbs to his father's knees, on the day after their frightful journey, as prisoners of the mob, from Versailles to Paris. The young prince asked why his people, who once loved him so well, were all at once angry with him. His father took him upon his knees, and spoke to him nearly as follows: 'I wished, child, to render the people still happier than they were. I wanted money to pay the expenses occasioned by war. I asked my people for money, as my predecessors have always done. Magistrates, composing the Parliament, opposed it, and said that my people alone had a right to consent to it. I assembled the principal inhabitants of every town, whether distinguished by birth, fortune, or talents, at Versailles: that is what is called the States-General. When they were assembled, they required concessions of me which I could not make, either with due respect for myself, or with justice to you, who will be my successor. Wicked men, inducing the people to rise, have occasioned the excesses of the last few days. The people must not be blamed for them.'

Of the two portraits of Marie Antoinette given in illustration of these volumes, both are excellent, that taken from the painting by Madame Vigée Lebrun being lovely enough to haunt one's memory, as do all traditions of the history of its fair original.

#### "The Story of Chinese Gordon." \*

THE TITLE of Mr. Hake's book is very attractive. Few men now living are better subjects for the biographer than the brave, modest and disinterested soldier who put down the Tai Ping rebellion and broke up the slave trade in the Soudan. His career has been as far beyond the ordinary as is his personal character. The story is that of a life of brilliant action, with utter carelessness of fame. No doubt a more judicious writer than Mr. Hake would have been content to let the facts laud the hero, sparing some of the adjectives which convey his natural admiration for the achievements and virtues of his cousin. On the first page we encounter an implied comparison of the purity of Chinese Gordon's character with that of Christ. The last chapter ends with a similarly unfortunate parallel. Almost everywhere the value of the narrative is impaired by Mr. Hake's fear that the reader will underestimate the hero, and by his disposition to find significant and admirable the most trivial incidents in Gordon's career. The result is that the reader who cares to draw his own conclusions is forced at the outset into a critical, if not an antagonistic, attitude. If he finally arrives at something like the biographer's own enthusiasm, it is despite rather than by reason of the running accompaniment of praise. We readily share Mr. Hake's expressed conviction that the person likely to be least pleased with the book is Gordon himself. He rarely talks of the past; never of the merits of his own deeds. In his moral make-up, a religious, almost fatalistic, sense of duty occupies all the space commonly allotted to personal vanity.

In other respects the biography is quite satisfactory. The story of Gordon's decisive campaign against the Tai Pings, the long-haired rebels obeying the Heavenly King, is well told, and is clearer and fuller in detail than any other account yet published. Gordon's own journals and letters to members of his family in England have furnished Mr. Hake with abundant material for an exceedingly interesting narrative. At the head of a rowdy army first organized by the American adventurer Ward, this Major of British Engineers succeeded in overthrowing the empire established by the fanatic schoolmaster Hung, who for years divided the rule of China with the Manchu dynasty at Pekin and caused British trade interests no end of alarm. Gordon's principal part in the overthrow of the rebellion and the establishment of peace has already been acknowledged with

sufficient distinctness by writers like A. Wilson, in 'The Ever-Victorious Army,' Col. C. C. Chesney, in his 'Essays on Modern Military Biography,' and Dr. S. Wells Williams, in 'The Middle Kingdom'—even Dr. Williams speaks of him as 'Col. Peter Gordon.' But here we have a new view of the high motives which inspired Gordon's action in China, of the genius of his leadership, and especially of his noble indignation at the treachery of his allies Li and the other Imperialist leaders who procured the assassination of the rebel kings after the fall of Suchau. There can be no doubt that Gordon was in earnest when, learning with astonishment and horror of the murder of the kings, he took his revolver and started in pursuit of Li, 'the Chinese Bismarck.' He would have despatched that able and eminent diplomatist like a dog if he had found him just then.

The fact that Gen. Gordon's achievements in China have never yet brought him their full equivalent in what the world calls fame is due to several circumstances, the chief of which is his own unfeigned impatience of public honors. He refused to go to Pekin after he had suppressed the rebellion, and on one occasion he drove out of his tent the Imperial envoys who carried him a money present of 10,000 taels. Throughout his career he has refused other pay for his services than the actual necessities of life required. Then, again, the British Government treated him shabbily after his disinterested philanthropy had served the ends of a somewhat mercenary policy. It will be remembered, also, that his extraordinary campaign against the Tai Pings lay in the shadow of the more momentous events of our own Civil War.

From the story of Gordon's career in China—an epic complete in itself and possessing all the elements of dramatic interest—and from the vague but still valuable account of his operations in breaking up the slave trade in the region of the Upper Nile, we get a distinct idea of his personality. It is remarkable and very engaging. A born leader of men, he carries to the performance of duty a genius for action, a courage and independence of judgment, and a perfectly unselfish devotion to the cause of humanity—rarely the qualities of the same individual. Gen. Gordon's is an upright soul. The Empress of China sent him a gold medal. One day it disappeared. Long afterward his friends discovered accidentally that Chinese Gordon had erased the inscription on this medal, sold the gold for ten pounds, and sent the proceeds to the sufferers by the cotton famine in Manchester.

#### Luther Once More.\*

MR. FROUDE'S article on Luther in *The Contemporary Review* was timely. Even people whose minds had not been at all upon Luther perceived the fitness of its appearance, and began to think the thoughts which were suitable to the anniversary year. That substratum of interest in the Reformation and its leader, which lies deep among the foundations of religious thought in every well-ordered Protestant bosom, began to heave. All the enthusiasm of the quater-centenary was ready to break forth. It is this article, which was so effective last autumn, that is now issued in pamphlet-form, and its author's name is so widely known, his interest in Reformation-topics so well understood, and the immediate source from which he drew his materials so trustworthy, that the pamphlet will probably have a wide circulation. And this is well. For 'A Short Biography' (1) it is very good; busy people, who have been meaning to brush up their knowledge about Luther, but really have not had time, will find in it the story of his life clearly and agreeably told. The pamphlet is well printed, and pleasant to read. It is only natural, however, that it should not be so interesting, at the close of the Luther-season, as it was at the beginning. And this is only in part because the public zeal is ebbing. It is largely from intrinsic causes. There are limitations in Mr. Froude's essay which make it less effective now, as a book, than it was then as a review-article. It is more evident now that the task of condensing such varied experiences into a few pages is too difficult even for Mr. Froude's skilful pen. There are some things which cannot be compressed, and the attempt to describe them briefly results in meagreness. There is, besides, a certain externality about the work, which makes itself more sharply felt, now that we have been analyzing and estimating, and trying to learn more fully what the man was at his centre, and what was the mighty mainspring of his life. Of the cell at Erfurt Mr. Froude gives us only a few superficial words; of the early work at the University almost nothing; of the Bible translation very little; of the Peasant War not nearly enough. The 'Table Talk' is delightful and invaluable, yet it would have been given a juster propor-

\* (1) *Luther. A Short Biography.* By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (2) *Martin Luther. A Study of the Reformation.* By Edwin D. Mead. Boston: George H. Ellis.

tion if we had had a few pages less even of that, to save space for the sterner and more fundamental experiences and activities which made Luther's greatness, or manifested it. As it is, we have in this little book many facts, and plenty of admiration, but no profound sympathy, and no white heat.

In Mr. Mead's book (2) there is something very different from Mr. Froude's amiable enthusiasm. No stronger and more earnest words have been called forth than his. And they have this marked characteristic, that they come with all the more force because they come late,—the background of familiarity with Luther's life and work gives them vividness and meaning. They would, however, command attention at any time by virtue of their genuineness and their spiritual fire. The author calls his book 'A Study,' but it is not the mere study of a historical scholar, though it gives evidence both of learning and of a trained mind; it is such a study as only a man can make who is at once mystic and philanthropist—keenly alive to the needs of the world about him, and acutely conscious of the world above him. He does not try merely to tell us what Luther was, though his words glow with a steady flame of loyalty to the spiritual hero, but he aims to translate Luther's experiences and deeds and words into the language of our own time, and make them avail for us, urging us not to imitation but to moral kinship. The spirit of the book is broad, because it is profound. The doctrines Luther fought for are not the ones in which Mr. Mead believes, but no theologian of any school contends more stoutly for the essentially religious character of Luther's work, and the vital importance to his work of his firm grip upon his doctrines. There is none of that surface-talk with which the 'Protestant-Verein' has been flooding Germany. Luther does not represent a mere liberty to think, but an intense conviction of things unseen. Yet even Mr. Mead does not quite do justice to the real state of the case; when he says: 'Protestantism was primarily an intellectual movement.' Luther doubtless made much of doctrines. But that was because the doctrines were the statement of what was to him practical and experimental truth. He had reached it through awful conflicts of heart. He offered it to men torn with like struggles. Therefore, too, we cannot hold it to be 'the essential and eternal truth in Luther's doctrine,' 'that, if you want to make a hero of a man, the surest way to do it is to fill his mind with some great and noble idea.' Luther's experience and the experience of others, by thousands and thousands, testifies to an objective reality corresponding to the essence of his doctrines—however imperfectly stated, or defectively held. Not simply his way of believing, but the precise thing he believed, made him what he was.

There are many other qualities in the book which make it worthy to have been written and to be read. The arraignment of the Romish Church is stern and overwhelming, the sketch of Europe when Luther was born is rapid and strong, the discussion of the Socialistic question as it took shape in the Peasant War is thoughtful and suggestive, though not enough stress is laid on the fact—which Mr. Froude has seen—that the hasty fanaticism of men like Carlstadt and Münzer forced Luther, by the atrocities which it instigated, to an uncompromising opposition. Mr. Mead's style is vigorous, and, except where Carlyle's voice is echoing too loudly in his ears, straightforward and good. He is strong enough not to need borrowed eccentricities of language, and is far better without them. But for all their occasional presence, his words come with power; they are brave, and, in their spirit, true words, most fit for those to whom they will find least ready access,—those who perceive in the progress of thought only destruction, and who 'cannot see that Luther was dynamic.'

#### Toru Dutt and M. James Darmesteter.\*

AMONG THE many tributes paid to the genius of the Hindoo poet, Toru Dutt, recently deceased, none is more touching or more graceful than the concluding chapter in M. Darmesteter's 'Essays in English Literature,' which has just reached this country. M. Darmesteter is himself one of the most accomplished Orientalists of the day, accomplished not only as a Zend scholar, but in the widely different field of Shakespeare-study, which he has signalized by an excellent edition of 'Macbeth' and the essays of which we have spoken. His Oriental sympathies are, however, predominant, and he brings his tribute to the marvellous daughter of Govin Chunder Dutt, urged not only by her contributions in English and French to the literature of the remote East, but perhaps more strongly still by his affinity for the race of the young girl whom he epigrammatically describes as 'Hindoo by birth and tradition, English by edu-

cation, and French by heart.' The other souls blended in her appeal strongly to his imagination, and, of course, all the more the mysterious instinct which drew her toward France.

Toru Dutt blossomed in a night, like one of her own lotus-flowers; and of the singular and penetrating charm of the blossom—of its ethereal essence, garnered as in a phial of attar of roses—we have had a whiff in Mr. Gosse's edition of her literary remains and the recent article in *The Century*. Her romance of 'Mademoiselle d'Arvers,' written in French at the age of eighteen, when she had been only six months in France, is declared by M. Darmesteter to be a *tour de force* absolutely without rival. The somewhat analogous case of the composition of 'Vathek' cannot come into competition with this, for the reason that French, to the English gentleman of the Eighteenth Century, was a second vernacular, easily acquired from the vicinity of the two countries. Toru Dutt is an angel, thinks M. Darmesteter, alternately babbling rhythms caught of heaven and characterized by an art altogether perfect, and then pouring forth a torrent of broken verse marked by the plainest violations of the laws of English versification. But it is India piercing through the rhythmic envelope that gives their peculiar harmony and perspective to the 'Ballade' and even to the 'Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields,'—the three-fold aeolian harp whose stray chords tingle with the airs of Vishnu and the Puranas. Her knowledge of contemporary French poetry, in the exactness of its detail and in the delicacy of its appreciation, is far superior to that of many professional French and English critics. The 'Legend of the Coral Bracelet' is a flash from the jewelled hilt of 'Excalibar.'

In losing Toru Dutt, it is difficult to appreciate how great is the bereavement of India and Indian literature; for though she left no finished work, and wrote in languages that were not native to her, with the alternation of exquisite ease and infantile ignorance that stamps all she did, she had none of the sentimentality of the *misses poètes* who periodically flood the journals with their tears, and bid fair to combine the gifts of Dora d'Istria and Elizabeth Barrett Browning in one. And is it not strange that the one chrysalis poet-soul that has slipped from that gigantic cocoon-jungle of India since the supremacy of the English should have turned with an almost blind instinct toward the sun of France?

#### "A Glossary of Terms and Phrases."\*

STRESS is laid on the fact that this octavo of 521 pages in double columns is a glossary, not an encyclopaedia, while it is asserted that experience leaves no doubt of the need of some such glossary. This is a comfortable belief for the compiler of it, and it may be shared by Sir G. W. Cox, Colonel Paterson of the Sandhurst Military College, the Revs. Twisden of Cambridge and Milner of Liverpool College, and Mr. Fennell of Jesus College, Cambridge—five gentlemen whose names are given in support of that of the Rev. Percy Smith. But any one who is in the way of seeing the cyclopaedias, dictionaries and special books of reference published nowadays, will not fail to query very energetically such a belief. Is there a need for such a glossary as Mr. Smith gives us? Pronunciation of words is as good as utterly neglected. There is not etymology of words. Derivations are given, but sparingly, and often so incompletely as to be misleading or else actually incorrect. 'Euskarian,' a word met with nowadays in semi-scientific reading, has no etymological explanation. 'Turanian,' a much commoner word, is not explained except by a cross-reference to 'agglutinative,' whose definition is extremely misleading. 'Genre,' a word of the daily papers, is very poorly and imperfectly explained. 'Lucumo,' an Etruscan word whose meaning has been plausibly if not finally settled by Dennis and Taylor, is explained to mean 'one inspired' and therefore a chief. The name of one of King Arthur's fabled knights is given, but that of another of equal fame in legend is wanting. 'Asianid,' a convenient adjective used of late by archæologists, philologists and palæographers is not mentioned, as are not a whole host of words which have not yet received a place in dictionaries and therefore might be expected in a 'glossary' meant for wide readers if not for the learned world. What place can there be for a glossary which is so restricted in size, and yet does no justice to the words that are chosen with such arbitrary want of logic? that is meant to be a special dictionary of words, expressions and quotations which are uncommon, and yet lacks terms which ought to appear here if anywhere? Under the word *Evolution*, we find as definition 2: 'A development of

\* A Glossary of Terms and Phrases. Edited by the Rev. H. Percy Smith, M. A., of Balliol College, Oxford, Chaplain of Christ Church, Cannes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

more complex from more simple organization. In Darwin's theory, which ascribes physical and moral phenomena to continuous E., breaches of continuity are explained by the hypothesis of natural selection.

It is true that many unusual words and phrases, particularly local phrases of English rustic life, make this book not absolutely useless, but its use must be confined to lexicographers, who may be guided to a new word or expression. In fact the compiler seems to have been very far from understanding what was necessary to the object proposed. His compilation is not correct and full enough for the serious student and is not popular enough for the general reader.

#### "The Millionaire."\*

THE STORY of 'The Millionaire' is interesting on its first page. It is an international story, and the opening scene is typically English. The second scene is in New York, the millionaire himself being a New Yorker. It is easy to foresee the eagerness of the public to find out which New York millionaire has sat for the portrait, and one is tempted to reverse Wordsworth's remonstrance, 'Madam—my poem is not about a daisy, but the daisy,' and remind the public that this story is not about the millionaire, in spite of its title, but a millionaire. For beyond the merest statements that he was a millionaire who carried on enormous and dangerous speculation, the story deals with the private record of its hero; and with the private record of real millionaires, neither authors nor readers have anything to do. The prevailing characteristic of the story is cleverness. It is not a great novel, its author being apparently a novice in novel-writing though by no means unaccustomed to the pen. We should judge him to be a practised writer tormented with a desire to write a novel, not over-skilful in inventing a plot, having finally evolved one which is hackneyed, melodramatic, and transparent from the opening paragraph; but able to 'work in' so much knowledge of life and character and human nature, and so much delicate and vivid description, that the whole is both interesting and entertaining. The management of some of the characters, notably the relations between Dexter File and his confidential Mink, recalls Dickens, and the descriptions of the travelling players, and of English hedgerows in English springtime, suggest Blackmore. The mingled moral and humor of the story may be judged from a single clever sentence: 'The life of a millionaire is by no means to be envied, if people only knew it; and yet we should all be millionaires if we could, and calmly face the consequences.'

#### The February Magazines.

The English Illustrated Magazine for January is interesting—that best of qualities, which may exist quite apart from excellence of execution. Many of the illustrations in *Harper's* or *The Century* would be valuable merely for the beautiful workmanship, quite apart from the subjects dealt with; those in *The English Illustrated* are interesting apart from the workmanship, which is good though not strikingly so. The article on 'The Pianoforte and its Precursors' tells us in text and pictures just what we like to know, especially about the famous Alma-Tadema instrument. Miss Yonge continues her serial; Archibald Forbes and Archibald Geike and the Caldecotts 'lend a hand' with pen or pencil, and there is an article on Dartmoor. Mr. James's essay on Matthew Arnold, with a fine portrait, reminds us of a paragraph in his recent article on Tourgeneff, in which he says that criticism is all very well so far as it contributes to the practice, amusement or subsistence of the critic, but that it is of little value to the author: we do not think that critics as a rule suppose themselves to be educating the authors, the main idea of criticism being merely to guide the public to what is worth reading or ignoring. The office of criticism has changed since the day when the critics cried, 'O that mine enemy would write a book!' Mr. James's own criticisms bear witness to the fact that our critics deal by preference with what they like and what they think could hardly be improved.

The January *Continent* is the best we have seen. 'Once There Was a Man' gives signs of coming to the point, with something of the humor we have been expecting from Orpheus C. Kerr. An article called 'A Corner in Wall-paper' hints that we may soon have an American system of Boycotting, not in being prevented from buying and selling what we want, but in being forced to buy and sell where certain organizations dictate. There are some excellent remarks on charity for the poor in one of the book reviews, and in 'The Household' some amusing

suggestions as to children's lies. The mother in question establishes her point that her particular children's lies were mere 'mis-statements'; but the fact remains that some very good little children have a fondness for the lie pure and simple not to be reconciled with their birth and training. 'If I could only know,' said a distressed mother, 'just where the imagination ends and the lie begins!' And what reply could be made to a little maiden who explained, 'Why, mamma, sometimes you make up little stories to amuse me, and I thought I'd try to make up a little story to amuse you!' The 'What-to-do Club' gives suggestions of employment for invalids; the illustration of Lake George is so pretty as to reconcile us to the 'Lines' beneath it; 'The Resurrection of Italy' gives an interesting interview with Pius IX.; and both the text and illustrations of 'Tenants of an Old Farm' are excellent. An article on Richard Doyle reproduces some of his clever drawings.

In *The Atlantic* 'Newport' comes to a close with a realistic study of the Sound steamers, after which Oliphant is 'interred' (*requiescat in pace!*) and Octavia scatters flowers on his grave 'without flinching.' Dr. Weir Mitchell's serial increases in interest and originality, and the exquisite finish of workmanship in 'A Roman Singer' is more striking than ever, although once more, in his own interest in the situation, Mr. Crawford becomes the American observer to the neglect of his Italian story-teller. Mr. O. B. Frothingham, in an interesting article called 'Voices of Power,' discusses the pulpit, the press, and the stage, giving sometimes a pregnant sentence almost Emersonian in its suggestiveness. How good the definition of character as 'the force of the unseen world flowing through the soul,' and how true that all a congregation ought to expect of its minister is 'a prevailing passion for truth.' Henry James is still 'En Province'; a clever story, 'In Madeira Place,' shows the difficulty of our French citizens in solving the problem, 'Qu'est ce que c'est qu'un "Boss"?' We have also 'Reminiscences of Christ's Hospital,' 'A Visit to South Carolina in 1860,' 'The Vagabonds and Criminals of India,' and 'The Confederate Cruisers,' with several long book reviews and an amusing glimpse, through the Contributors Club, into Worth's workrooms.

*Lippincott's* is taking a long stride forward. We have before spoken of the improvement in its illustrations; one this month, 'Wakefield Mills,' in the article on 'Old Germantown,' marks still greater improvement. Mrs. Champney's serial bids fair to be exceptionally good; it is full of color, and as interesting as if it did not cover a much needed and excellent moral. Of the three short stories, one, 'Explained,' is exceedingly foolish, but the other two, 'A Mental Masquerade' and 'The Great Jigtown Failure,' are both capital. Of the three poems, also, one belongs to the unfortunate class now known as 'magazine poetry,' with a great deal of allegory and whole gardens of 'flowerets,' but of the other two, John Moran's 'Unresponsive' is fine, and one on 'Shells,' by Richard E. Day, imaginative, thoughtful, exquisite in workmanship, is really a poem. We have another instalment of 'Healthy Homes,' and descriptive articles on winter fishing, French chateau life, an Indian cattle-town, and a pilgrimage to Senesheim.

We shall soon have no more adjectives for the illustrations in *Harper's* and *The Century*. Those this month illustrate what we have already alluded to—beauty of treatment rather than of subject. The subject is rarely a very beautiful face or a strikingly beautiful landscape; but the beauty comes from the management of 'values,' by which, even in black and white, snow is snow and velvet is velvet, and a wooden boat is wooden and a stone house is stone, and by which a perfectly blank wall becomes the most effective thing in the picture, simply by the skill with which the surrounding 'values' are subordinated. By beauty of treatment, we by no means imply, however, romantic treatment; if we have a fisher-girl, it is not her idealized face that fascinates, but the blown-back skirts that suggest the unseen and unfelt wind, as nobly as the rigid folds in some of the Elgin marbles; and if we have a fisher-boy, he is Jean Ingelow's 'Just a fisher-boy, no more'; not the idealized creature that Tennyson made him, carrying 'ocean spoil in ocean-smelling osier' up to the great hall, 'whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering,' and of whom *The National Review* remarked, 'So much has not often been made out of selling fish.'

Of the text in *Harper's* the most interesting thing is the charming 'Glimpses of Emerson,' by Mrs. Fields. It is precisely what such an article should be, giving us a hundred anecdotes of the man that bring him nearer to us. It seems that he did not like people who made him laugh, and truly it is as hard to think of that serene smile broadening into laughter as of its changing to a frown; yet he exhibits conversationally and in let-

\* The Millionaire. New York: Harper's Franklin Square Library.

ters a dainty humor of his own. How good his description of a lady's hospitality: 'She not only opens her doors but nails them back!' Mr. Black's serial may be very historical, but it is not yet interesting; Miss Woolson's continues interesting and descriptive; Mr. Roe's, amiable and instructive. Mr. Oakey writes of 'Terra Cotta,' Mr. Higginson of 'Our Country's Cradle,' Charles F. Thwing of 'The National Government and Education'; there are several descriptive articles, ranging from the Thames to Oregon, *via* Canada by winter, and there are two short stories, with a vivid account of the interview between Lydia Mackey and Col. Tarleton.

*The Century* has a timely article on Merino sheep, with charming pictures, in which the wool is wool. 'Dr. Sevier' deepens and broadens and lightens, with an indescribable charm over its deep study of human nature. The Doctor himself is like his name: *severe*, if you will, but capable of French and Italian softening if you understand; while the study of a 'criminally helpless' shiftless gentleman is appreciative and tender. 'An Average Man' is so far below the average that we are already out of patience with it, but the little story 'A First Love-Letter' is brief but effective. Brief but effective also are the four lines by Helen Gray Cone, a young unheralded poet who is winning her way by work thoughtfully imaginative. There are articles on the Orleans Princes, Dante, the portraits of Dante, Keats (with fine picture of the life-mask), the Convict Lease System, the Hermitage built as an Art Gallery by Nicholas at St. Petersburg, Cruising in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Sheridan, and Courbet, with Salvini's valuable 'Impressions of Lear' and Mrs. Meynell's description of 'How Edwin Drood was Illustrated.' A very full number, it will be seen.

In *The Manhattan* Mrs. Spofford begins a new story, always a literary event. Mr. Fawcett's 'Tinkling Cymbals' is not nearly so good as his 'Ambitious Woman,' and one suspects it of being the original 'study' for the finer novel. Junius Henri Browne gives a synopsis of Gerald Massey's key to the Shakespeare sonnets, and George Ticknor Curtis assures us that there is insufficient proof for Darwin's theory. Frank Beard has an entertaining article on 'Caricature' with illustrations. The descriptive articles are 'Autumn Camps on Cayuga,' with delightful illustrations, and 'Beyond the Caucasus.' The comedy of 'A Poet's Wife' seems to us rather flat.

### What Leigh Hunt Did for Keats.

MR. T. HALL CAINE, in a volume recently published in England, asks what Leigh Hunt did for Keats. To this contemptuous question *The Saturday Review* replies with an array of facts that must make the questioner wish that he had not spoken so hastily. As there may be those who share Mr. Caine's opinion of the relations of the two poets, we quote from the article in question:

'Before Keats had published anything, he [Hunt] introduced him to the public in an article in *The Examiner* for December 1st, 1816. When the little volume of 1817 appeared, he dedicated three numbers of his newspaper to its examination. In 1818, in his volume called *Foliage*, he inscribed three sonnets of enthusiastic admiration to Keats by name, although the April number of *The Quarterly* had just covered the author of "Endymion" with ridicule. Mr. Caine shows his knowledge of the period by mentioning 1818 as "the year in which Hunt attempted no defence of Keats." Besides casual tributes to his friend, in 1820 Leigh Hunt seized the occasion of the publication of "Lamia" to fill two numbers of *The Indicator* with full and sympathetic praise of Keats's poetry. A few months later the printing of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" gave Hunt another opportunity, which he seized for an article in *The Indicator*. In September of the same year Hunt affectionately and publicly took leave of Keats, with every expression of loyalty and admiration, in the same newspaper, and in March, 1821, he wrote an exquisitely tender letter about Keats to Severn, which few can even now read without emotion. After Keats's death he continued on all possible occasions to keep alive his friend's memory and extend the reputation of his poems, until in 1828 he summed up these scattered thoughts in the eloquent chapter on Keats in his "Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries." He never ceased to do this to the end of his life. In 1837 he boasted of *The Examiner* that "there the splendid names of Keats and Shelley were first made known to lovers of the beautiful;" in 1844, he indulged in the affectionate gossip of praise in the pages of "Imagination and Fancy." Allusions to Keats are no less numerous in Hunt's poems than in his prose. In one of his latest pieces he describes

"the Muse of Keats,  
One of the inmost dwellers in the core  
Of the old woods, when Nymphs and Graces liv'd,  
Where still they live to eyes, like their's, divine;"

and, finally, in the *Autobiography*, after Keats's petulant words, which only suffering could excuse, had been published in Lord Houghton's memoir, Hunt, though bleeding from the wound, could not bring himself to speak of the old hero of his admiration in any the colder terms.

Apropos of this subject, Mr. E. C. Stedman in his paper on Keats in the February *Century* says: 'But it was always Hunt who unerringly praised the finest, the most original phrases, of one greater than himself, and took joy in assuring him of his birthright.'

"Helen's Tower."—Ελένη ἐπὶ πύρων.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

MR TENNYSON having made public the lines which he wrote, at Lord Dufferin's request, for 'Helen's Tower,' erected by him to the memory of his late mother, the Countess of Gifford, Mr. Browning has consented to the publication of his verses on the same occasion, and written at the like request, made to him after it had been made to Mr. Tennyson. The difference in treatment of the same subject by the two poets will, we are sure, interest our readers. Mr. Browning's tribute to the love-inducing qualities of the late Lady Gifford was no mere compliment, as all who knew her will bear witness. We owe the copy of the lines to Mr. Furnivall:

'Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream, perchance,  
How the Greek Beauty from the Scæan Gate  
Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,  
Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.'

'Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance,  
Lady, to whom this Tower is consecrate!  
Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,  
Yet, unlike hers, was blessed by every glance.'

'The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange:  
A transitory shame of long ago,  
It dies into the sand from which it sprang;  
But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no change;  
God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,  
When all the morning stars together sang.'

April 26, 1870.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### The Lounger

I WONDER what the English—Sir Lepel Griffin, for instance—would say of us if we obtruded our advertisements upon the public with the insolence of British publishers. I bought a copy of *Belgravia*, to read 'A Pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon,' by Justin McCarthy. When I opened the pages I found an advertisement on colored paper sticking to the leaves. In trying to extract it, big pieces of the reading matter of the article came off with it, and tore great holes in the pages. I don't care how many advertisements a magazine contains, if it keeps them in a quiet corner by themselves; but when it thrusts them upon us between the leaves of reading matter, I protest. Americans may disfigure their landscapes with advertisements of hair-restorers and English soaps, but he would be a bold publisher who should insert them between the pages of a first-class magazine. I can fancy the fine scorn of the English if the shoe, in this instance, were on the other foot.

*The Academy* prints the following note: 'English publishers can show themselves as smart as American publishers when they have similar material to deal with. Some weeks ago Messrs. Field & Tuer issued from Y<sup>o</sup> Leadenhalle Presse an edition of "Don't," the amusing American manual of manners, as a volume in their shilling vellum-parchment series. Last Monday there appeared in the Row a sixpenny edition from Messrs. Griffith & Farran, who claim (we believe with truth) to have been the first to introduce the book to English readers; but within three hours Messrs. Field & Tuer had out another edition, also at sixpence, which went off very well. The really important thing to know would be—how much the American author gets from either.' I can inform *The Academy* on this latter point, having been told by the author himself that for one of these English editions of his book he receives £5.

*The Evening Post* is authority for the statement that 'Uncle Sam' Ward is translating 'Sarah Barnum' for the English

market. If this be true, the author of 'Lyrical Recreations' must be at a loss for something to do. I should think he would find the task too dull for his bright pen.

MR. BRET HARTE may thank his stars that he is not in New York. If he were here, he might be tempted to go and see Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in a dramatization of his 'Gabriel Conroy,' and if he did so he would never forgive himself—or the performers. Who the perpetrator of this dramatic outrage upon an unoffending author is, I do not know. No name is given on the bill. This does not surprise me. I can't imagine that any one should want to claim such a thing. Mr. Harte's stories, I admit, do not lend themselves readily to the purposes of the dramatist. I don't believe that anything short of an entire re-writing could make a play of any one or two of them. Even his own clever pen could make nothing suitable to the stage of 'Two Men of Sandy Bar.' And yet his stories abound with dramatic incidents. What could be more dramatic, from a literary point of view, than the opening chapters of 'Gabriel Conroy?'—the starving travellers at their Barmecide feast! There is an attempt to give this in the play, and the result is absurd. Where the reading of the story made one's blood freeze in his veins, the presentation of it on the stage makes him laugh, or turn away in disgust.

THE PORTRAYAL of the characters of Mr. Harte's story by Mr. Rankin's company is all that the enemies of the author could desire. Dear, noble Gabriel Conroy is an uninspired idiot, who speaks in the dialect of a plantation negro; and that fine specimen of a Pacific coast gambler, Jack Hamlin, is metamorphosed into the Mose of a former generation. I should advise Mr. Harte to stay in Europe until after this play has been taken off the boards. He will not have long to wait.

IF MR. HARTE may congratulate himself just now on being across the Atlantic, Mr. Knowles may congratulate himself upon being across the Styx. Such a Constance as is pouting and ambling through the mazes of 'The Love Chase' at the Star Theatre was never dreamt of in the brilliant dramatist's philosophy. Miss Latham has made a mistake in the choice of a part for her début. But then all amateurs do that. We have seen such skilled and charming actresses play Constance that we cannot accept mediocrity in the part. The fact that Miss Latham was surrounded by a company perfectly at home in the old comedies, though a good thing for the audience, was a bad thing for her. She was entirely eclipsed by her support.

I WENT OVER to Chickering Hall on Saturday night to hear Mlle. Nordica in 'Don Pasquale.' I had heard Brignoli in the title rôle many a time before—as who has not? So Nordica was the novelty. She sang the music well enough for such a drawing-room performance, but she altogether missed the spirit of the piece. I never saw a person who, having been so long on the stage, yet acted so much like a beginner. It was worth while, though, to hear Brignoli sing his favorite serenade. I see little difference between his voice as it is now and as it was fifteen years ago. This is not saying much for what it was, to be sure; but we were not so particular in those days,—and he had the field to himself.

VICTOR HUGO is more indignant at Lord Lyons for having addressed him as 'Monsieur le Sénateur,' than at Queen Victoria for refusing to pardon O'Donnell at his request. This 'Victor in poesy, Victor in romance,' wishes all communications intended for him to be addressed 'a grand homme français.' Let the autograph collector bear this in mind.

A GENTLEMAN living in this city recently addressed a letter to his wife at 'Conshohocken, Montgomery Co., Penna.' It failed to reach her—with no more serious consequences than the loss of a link in the series of *billet-doux* exchanged diurnally by a doting couple. The miscarriage of the note had been quite forgotten, when one day it came back to the writer, whose wife in the mean time had rejoined him. It had gone to Conshohocken; but by a roundabout route, entailing a delay of several weeks in its delivery. A clerk in the New York Post-Office had mistaken the Indian name of the post-office in Pennsylvania for Wusterhausen, Germany, and had shipped the letter to the Fatherland. The envelope is very prettily decorated with stamped and written inscriptions, some in English and some in German—one of which testifies that the lady to whom the letter is addressed is unknown in Wusterhausen. And so, I believe, she is.

THE DEATH of Keshub Chunder Sen is a tremendous loss to the theistic movement in India, and will be a keen disappointment to those of us who, having recently heard his trusted disciple, Mozoomdar, had looked forward with still greater interest to a possible visit from the eloquent leader of the reform himself. All who have read 'The Oriental Christ,' in which Mozoomdar explains the religion known as the Brahmo Somaj, will regret the untimely taking-off of the Hindoo reformer.

MR. E. S. NADAL, late Second Secretary of the American Legation in London, has been appointed by Mayor Edson as Secretary of the three Civil Service Boards of Examiners of applicants for positions in the civil service of this city and various other places under the Municipal Government. I should not like to see Mr. Nadal shirk his duties in his new office—and those who know him know there is no danger of his doing so; but I trust they will not be so onerous as to prevent his writing a few more essays of the same stamp as those contained in his delightful 'Impressions of London Social Life,' and the more recent volume of literary criticisms. He may now have an opportunity to give us some impressions of New York social life.

### Notes

MR. BOUTON has in the press a new and revised edition of 'Bible Myths,' and a new edition of 'Isis Unveiled.'

The new art paper, *The Art Union*, edited by Charles M. Kurtz, makes a promising first appearance. It contains an etching by Henry Farrer, printed on plate-paper, and numerous 'processed' reproductions from pictures in the American Art Union Exhibition. We regret to see the stand this journal takes on the question of the tariff upon works of art. American artists have no reason to fear competition with European painters, and if they had, the imposed tax would not help them, for a wealthy picture buyer is not to be deterred from having what he wants because there is a tax to be paid upon it. *The Art Union* takes the wrong side of the question, and the unpopular side, too. Our best and most enthusiastic artists believe in free art.

A new serial by Charles Reade, 'A Perilous Secret,' will be begun in *Harper's Bazaar* about the middle of February.

Walt Whitman has written a poem entitled 'With Husky, Haughty Lips, O Sea!' which will be published in the March *Harper's*. A poem by Charles Richardson, on the 'Deliverance of Leyden,' with illustrations by Alfred Fredericks, will appear in the same number.

An *édition de luxe* of Frédéric Mistral's 'poème provençal,' 'Mireille,' is announced by Hachette. The edition will be illustrated with twenty-five eaux-fortes and fifty-three vignettes, by M. Eugène Burnand.

An interesting feature of the memoir of Thurlow Weed by his grandson Thurlow Weed Barnes will be a batch of heretofore unpublished letters from distinguished public men, among them Clay, Webster, Lincoln and Seward.

Miss Mamie Dickens, a daughter of the novelist, will begin a series of reminiscences of her father in *The Youth's Companion*, in February.

St. Louis will be described by Mr. W. H. Bishop in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*.

Two of the series published by Messrs. Appleton will be completed next week. The Christian Literature Primers, edited by Prof. George P. Fisher, will end with its fourth volume, 'The Post-Nicene Latin Fathers,' and the Home Books will close with their twelfth volume, 'Health at Home.'

*Macmillan's Magazine* has two papers of literary interest this month 'Lord Lyndhurst' (a review of Sir Theodore Martin's Life of the Chancellor), and 'The Literature of Introspection.'

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* has unearthed fifteen hundred letters written by Joel Barlow to the distinguished men of his time. The discoverer of these documents thinks they may be of great service to historians.

The new Wade College in Cleveland is designed, the *Tribune* believes, 'for the higher study of the nature of God, and what men know of it, and of the nature of man.' Its founder has placed no restriction of sect or of creed upon its teachers. Its object will be to assist, by its library, its lectures, and its other appliances, all persons, of whatever profession or whatever opinion, who want to study any subject regarding man or God, or the relations of man and God with each other. The plans of Wade College do not contemplate any very expensive system of

buildings. It is supposed that the city of Cleveland, where it is founded—already a great centre in education—can, of course, provide the homes for most of the students. For the college building Mr. Wade has provided an admirable site, separated only by Euclid Avenue from the great buildings of the Case Institute of Applied Science. Science and philosophy—if we may use these words—have thus the opportunity to do their best, in sight of each other. As soon as the endowment of \$500,000 is complete, the college is to be organized, and the courses of instruction may soon begin. Mr. Wade himself offered \$350,000 to this endowment.

'A Genre Sketch by a Landscape Painter' is the happy title of a paper by John R. Tait, which will be published in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*.

Gen. Lew Wallace's 'Ben Hur' has been one of the most popular books on the Harper's list. It has already passed through several editions, and another is on the press.

Messrs. Putnam announce 'Herodotus for Boys and Girls,' by Prof. John S. White, a companion to their successful 'Plutarch for Boys and Girls.'

'It appears,' says *The Academy*, 'that the death of Tourguenoff will give rise to litigation. By his will he appointed Mme. Viardot his universal legatee; but her claim is disputed by M. Bruère, the husband of a natural daughter whom Tourguenoff formally acknowledged in 1865, but who has not been heard of for some years past. It is probable also that the family of Tourguenoff in Russia have certain legal rights to his property in France.'

John Wiley & Sons announce for immediate publication a People's Edition of Ruskin's Works. They also announce a Ruskin Birthday Book.

The February *Art Amateur* has a copiously illustrated notice of the late Ulysse Butin, by Theodore Child. Clarence Cook discusses the Thomas B. Clarke collection of American paintings; Helen Zimmern describes the home of Alma-Tadema; and Montezuma, in the Note Book, gives new points about the manufacture of spurious antiques.

In response to a request from a number of well-known gentlemen—President Barnard, of Columbia, Assistant Bishop Potter, General McClellan, Mr. E. C. Stedman, Mr. G. W. Curtis, Dr. Howard Crosby, Mr. Roswell Smith and others—Dr. Charles Waldstein, of Cambridge University, recently consented to lecture in this city on 'The Lesson of Greek Art,' and fixed upon Friday of this week as the date, and Chickering Hall as the place, of his address.

The fact that Harper & Bros. publish 'The Breadwinners,' is urged in support of the claim that Miss Woolson is the author of the book.

Mr. Dorsheimer has received a letter from the Executive Committee of the copyright League, suggesting some amendment to the bill recently introduced by him in the House of Representatives. These suggestions are in accordance with the views expressed in these columns a week ago by the Secretary of the League.

*The Art Amateur* announces that it has begun suit against the trade journal, *The Decorator and Furnisher*, for misappropriating one of its illustrations.

A luxurious edition of Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' illustrated by Maurice Leloir, is to be published in the 'Librairie artistique,' edited by H. Launette. Two hundred extraordinary copies will be issued at 350 and 300 francs, and 50 francs is to be the price of the rest. 'Sterne is one of those few of our authors,' says *The Academy*, 'who might be illustrated as well by a Frenchman as by an Englishman, and Maurice Leloir is especially suited for his task.'

Miss Mabel Collins has just completed a story, entitled 'The Prettiest Woman in Warsaw,' which is based on incidents in the life of Mme. Helena Modjeska. Miss Collins is the author of a life of Mme. Modjeska.

M. Emile Ollivier is said to be engaged on a History of the War of 1870, with special reference to the conduct of the Ministry of which he was the chief.

'It seems,' says *The Academy*, 'that fourteen English publishers were after the English translation of "John Bull et son Ile." The first and second to whom it was offered tried to beat down the price, and the disgusted author, Mr. Max O'Rell, abruptly closed negotiations. The third publishing house, Y\* Leadenhalle Presse, at once closed with the terms, and, to clinch matters, tendered a cheque in advance for the whole amount,

which (not to be outdone in business generosity) Mr. Max O'Rell promptly declined. Since its appearance, barely three weeks ago, "John Bull and his Island" has been selling at the rate of nearly a thousand copies a day, and the profits must have netted the plucky publishers something very handsome indeed. The sale of the American edition has reached 7000 copies.

Herbert Spencer is to write a series of articles on current political topics for *The Contemporary Review*, the first of which will be on 'The New Toryism.'

Mr. F. J. Stimson has acknowledged the authorship of the very clever novel of 'Guerndale,' which purported to be by our old law-friend, 'J. S. of Dale.' Mr. Stimson's 'The First Love-Letter,' in the Midwinter *Century*, is one of the shortest short-stories the magazine has ever published—and one of the best. It is at once manly and tender; it has heart as well as ingenuity.

Messrs. Trübner & Co. of London send us the first number of a new literary periodical, the *Revue Internationale*, edited by Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis, with the assistance of the most eminent writers of all countries. The review will be published at Florence on the 10th and 25th of each month. One of its features will be a regular literary correspondence from Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Pesth, Bucharest, Constantinople, Prague, Sophia, Athens, Zante, Geneva, Brussels, Leyden, St. Petersburg, Kieff, Moscow, Warsaw, Stockholm, Christiania, Copenhagen, New York, Lisbon, Madrid, South America, India, China, and Japan. Each correspondent will closely follow the literary productions of the country relating to which he writes, and will give numerous extracts and translations, so that the readers of the *Revue Internationale* will have placed before them every fifteen days a perfect mirror of the current literature of the world. The French language has been chosen by the publishers as being the best intermediary for the transmission of literary communications between all countries.

Mr. Benson J. Lossing writes of 'The Fourth Centennial of the Discovery of America' in the current *Independent*, to which 'J. S. of Dale' contributes an allegorical sketch.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls announce an American Authors Series, to be issued in their Standard Library this year. It will contain new novels by E. E. Hale, George P. Lathrop, Julian Hawthorne, John Habberton and Joaquin Miller.

François Bravais, who figured so prominently in Capt. Bulloch's plans to build ships in Europe for the American Confederacy, was the prototype of Daudet's 'Nabab.' His niece, Miss Allard, is Daudet's wife. In 'The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe' the name is misspelled Bravay.

Macmillan & Co will issue next week an entirely new edition of Tennyson's Poems, which the Laureate has revised throughout.

The Queen's new book, 'More Leaves from a Journal of Our Life in the Highlands' (from 1862 to 1882), is expected to be published by the middle of February. It is in one volume, octavo, and will contain eight portraits, besides many woodcuts from drawings made by the Queen and Princess Beatrice.

Among the new volumes of the Parchment Library will be a selection from Jonathan Swift. The editor is Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, whose aim is 'to represent Swift in all his styles—in his letters, his poetry, his "leaders" and political tracts, and his Irish papers, no less than in his larger satires; and the representation will be effected by complete essays or sections.' The forthcoming selection will contain 'nothing that may not be read by every one, while its size will accommodate itself to a moderate pocket.'

According to *The Publishers' Circular*, the number of books published in England in 1883 was 4732—an increase over 1882 of 754 volumes. The largest actual increase is in belles lettres, essays, etc., which rose from 92 to 256; next stands educational literature with 556 new volumes against 435 in the previous twelve months, a rise of 121; next in order there is a rise of 108 in theological books and sermons, which stood at 596 in 1882 and 704 in 1883; then there is a growth of 90 in books on the arts and sciences and illustrated works, which numbered 354 in 1883, as compared with 264 in 1882; of 87 in law and jurisprudence, showing a rise from 52 to 139, and history and biography from 361 to 414. The increase in the issues of novels and general fiction is limited to 43 volumes. The only branch of literature which shows a falling off in the number of issues is in poetry and the drama, which stood at 158 in 1882, and fell to 145 in 1883. The general total of new editions shows an increase of 267, the figures being 1146 in 1882, and 1413 in 1883. Of this increase, nearly one half, 105, comes under the head of novels.

In the spring of 1885 Mr. Sala will leave England, it is said, for Australia, there and in New Zealand to deliver a course of five lectures, descriptive of English political, social, literary, and artistic life. He will be away for nearly eighteen months.

Dr. Westland Marston has almost finished his 'Recollections, Critical, and to some extent Personal, of some Great Actors of Modern Days.' No living actor will be included in the series, which will extend to two octavo volumes.

An Associated Press despatch announces that 'Miss Hogarth, the surviving executrix of Charles Dickens, has taken measures to prevent the publication in England of Dickens's letters to his solicitor. Miss Hogarth says that Mr. Dickens never intended that these letters should be published. They were preserved by the solicitor as curiosities and were bound in an album with other Dickens memorials. They were sold by the solicitor's executors with the rest of his library, they having no knowledge of their contents.'

Other literary news by cable is that Jules Verne has ordered the construction by a firm at Nantes of a large sailing vessel, in which he intends to make a cruise in the Antarctic Sea to collect materials for future romances.—Edmond de Goncourt's new novel is called 'Cherie.' M. de Goncourt says that it is his final work.—Mlle. Judith Gautier, daughter of Theophile Gautier, has written an Eastern romance.—Mr. Johnston, the explorer, has completed his work on the River Congo, which he has dedicated to Henry M. Stanley.—'Chinese' Gordon has written a theological treatise, which will be published after its revision by Prebendary Barnes.—The sculptor Woolner's new poem, 'Silenus,' is announced as ready by Macmillan & Co.—Robert Buchanan, the author and dramatist, is recovering from his attack of gastric fever. His illness delays the publication of his new poem, 'The Great Problem, or Six Days and a Sabbath.'—The first part of the Philological Society's Dictionary of the English language, which has been in preparation for twenty years, will appear on January 29th. The text is from A to Ant. The period which will be consumed in the completion of the whole work will probably be twenty years more.—The February number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains a heretofore unpublished dialogue by George Henry Lewes, entitled, 'The New Phœdo,' which is intended as an introduction to a systematic exposition of philosophy.

Mr. Cole, the engraver, who is at work in Europe on a 'Gallery of Old Masters' for *The Century*, works in the gallery with the picture he desires to reproduce, copying the original on the block by means of the graver, and being assisted as to the outlines by a photograph thrown upon the wood. He found the light, coming through the ceiling windows, weak and diffused. Noticing the concentration of the rays as they passed through his eyeglass, he took the hint and had an apparatus made, with a lens of the proper size, which he uses to illuminate the block upon which he works. The American engraver, thus occupied in the Louvre, has been an object of great curiosity, and he has sometimes been compelled to prosecute his labors surrounded by groups of spectators. The first picture engraved is a famous example of preraaphaelite art. It is said to be engraved in a firm and free manner, 'without the reproduction of those accidental irregularities and falsifications which the best photographs cannot escape.'

### The Free Parliament.

*Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.*

#### QUESTIONS.

No. 571.—Who wrote 'The Children of the Abbey'? 2. Who was 'Henry Holbeach,' with a word or two about him?

*For Wordsworth, N. Y.*

H. W. C.

[1. R. M. Roche. See No. 572. 2. We know nothing further of him than that he is the author of 'Holidays at Limewood' and one or two other books, published by G. Routledge.]

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Boston.

No. 572.—I can find nothing about Regina Maria Roche, who wrote 'Children of the Abbey,' in Chambers's 'English Literature,' Davenport Adams's 'Dictionary of English Literature' or Chambers's 'Cyclopædia.' Cannot the 'Free Parliament' give a sketch of this author?

*Meadow Creek, Mont.*

J. J. K.

[Miss Roche was born in 1765, and spent most of her life at The Mall, Waterford, where she died in 1845. She was the author of no less than sixteen novels, none of which (unless it be 'The Children of the Abbey') can be said to have displayed genuine literary ability. In her day she was considered the most formidable rival of Mrs. Radcliffe.]

No. 573.—I should like to exchange *The Popular Science Monthly* and *The Nation* for 1881 for Archer's 'Dramatists of To-Day' and Hutton's 'Plays and Players.'

33 East 21st St., NEW YORK.

J. B. CARRINGTON.

No. 574.—In the Preface to 'Guerndale' are the following lines: 'These are the piping times of peace: we lazily adapt ourselves to the laws of expediency, and are possessed of too much good taste to be either very good or very bad.' In Emerson's Essay on 'Courage' (Riverside Edition, Vol. VII., p. 259): 'We have little right in piping times of peace to pronounce on these rare heights of character.' Is it at all strange that the sentence oftenest quoted by the reviewers of 'Guerndale' should be found to have been borrowed from the deep insight and choice diction of Emerson? For the undercurrent of thought in the first half of the Preface is so similar to the Essay as to afford a strong presumption that the former was inspired by the latter.

*Council Bluffs, Iowa.*

C. H. SHOLES.

[The choice diction of Emerson is hardly responsible for the phrase 'the piping times of peace.' Some centuries before Emerson was born, Shakespeare put in the mouth of Richard III. the lines

Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to see my shadow in the sun.

If the author of 'Guerndale' had Emerson's essay in mind, Emerson, for his part, must have been thinking of Shakespeare's play.]

#### ANSWERS.

No. 559.—Milton's 'star-pointing.' There can be little doubt that Milton took the liberty of prefixing to the present participle the old English *y*, which could be properly used only with the past participle; as in *y-chained* ('Ode on the Nativity,' 155), and *y-clept* ('L'Allegro,' 12). The prefix represents the *ge-* of the Anglo-Saxon, found also in modern German. The reading 'starry-pointing' is a mere guess of some of the modern editors.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., Jan. 19, 1884.

W. J. ROLFE.

No. 560.—W. E. S., of Waterbury, Conn., can get the three books of us, but as we have several editions in stock, it would occupy too much space to give prices of each.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19, 1884.

JOHN WILEY'S SONS.

No. 561.—The Vocabulary of Literature and of Common Life. Marsh, in his 'Lectures on the English Language' (p. 182) says: 'Few writers or speakers use as many as ten thousand words, ordinary persons of fair intelligence not above three or four thousand. If a scholar were required to name, without examination, the authors whose English vocabulary was the largest, he would probably specify the all-embracing Shakespeare and the all-knowing Milton. And yet in all the works of the great dramatist there occur not more than fifteen thousand words, in the poems of Milton not more than eight thousand.'

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., Jan. 19, 1884.

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